Before you haue them.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* My Lords, the Engliſh lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* VVho hath meaſured the ground?

*Meſſ.* The Lord *Granpeere.*

*Con.* A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter the King diſguiſed, to him Piſtoll.*

*Piſt.* Ke ve la?

*King.* A friend.

*Piſt.* Diſcus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, baſe, and popeler?

*King.* No ſir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Piſt.* Trailes thou the puiſſant Pike?

*King.* Euen ſo ſir. VVhat are you?

*Piſt.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*King.* O then thou art better then the King.

*Piſt.* The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kis his durty ſhooe, and from my heart ſtrings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King. Harry le Roy.*

*Piſt. Le Roy*, a Corniſh man;
Art thou of Corniſh crew?

*King.* No ſir, I am a *Welchman.*

*Piſt.* A *welchman*; knowſt thou *Flewellen?*

*King.* I ſir, he is my kinſman.

*Piſt.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I ſir.

*Piſt.* Figa for thee then; my name is *Piſtoll.*

*King.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

*Piſt.*



*Piſt. Piſtoll* is my name. *Exit Piſtoll.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Flewellen.*

*Flew.* In the name of Ieſu ſpeake lower.
It is the greateſt folly in the worell, when the ancient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,
You ſhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,
But you ſhall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwiſe.

*Gow.* Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

*Flew.* Godes ſollud, if the enemy be an aſſe & a foole,
A nd a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be alſo
A foole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conſcience now?

*Gower.* Ile ſpeake lower.

*Flew.* I beſeech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

*Exit Gower and Flewellen.*

*King.* Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
Yet there's much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we ſee the beginning,
God knowes whether we ſhall ſee the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wiſh himſelfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And ſo I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

*King.* Now maſters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith ſmall cheere ſome of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

*King.* Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cauſe as we.

*King.* Nay ſay not ſo, he is a man as we are,
The Violet ſmels to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he ſee reaſons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.*